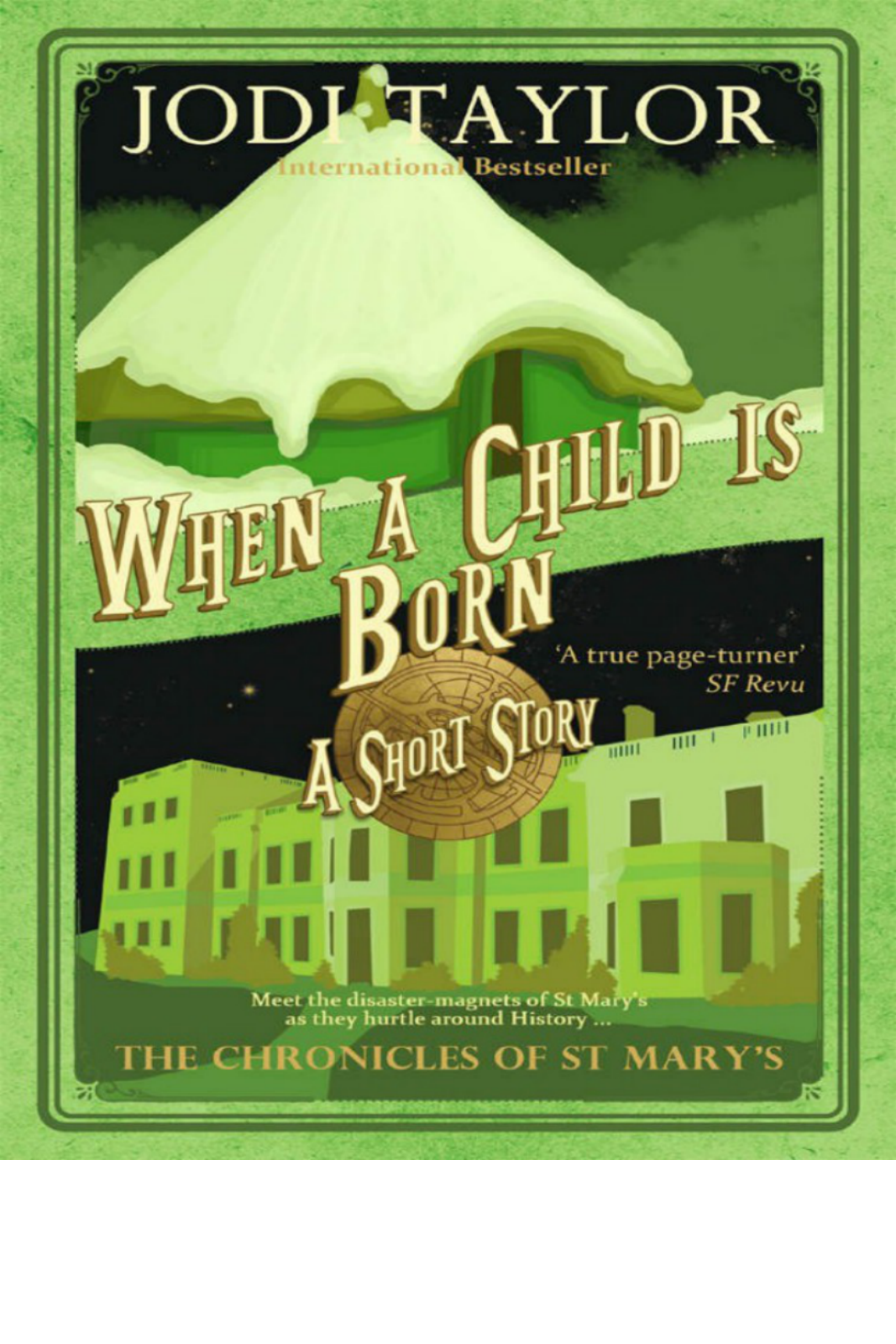




JODI TAYLOR

International Bestseller

WHEN A CHILD IS
BORN
A SHORT STORY

'A true page-turner'
SF Revu

Meet the disaster-magnets of St Mary's
as they hurtle around History ...

THE CHRONICLES OF ST MARY'S

WHEN A CHILD IS BORN

By Jodi Taylor

It's Christmas Day 1066 and a team from St Mary's is going to witness the coronation of William the Conqueror. Or so they think...

However, History seems to have different plans for them and when Max finds herself delivering a child in a peasant's hut, she can't help wondering what History is up to.

I was in trouble again. No surprise there. It's my default state.

Dr Bairstow raised his eyes from my report and regarded me steadily. Behind him, his PA, Mrs Partridge, sat scratchpad in hand, making the Sphinx look like a collection of facial tics.

Yes, I was in trouble again.

He cleared his throat. Here we go.

'Dr Maxwell, the assignment was – I believe I have I have the details here. Ah, yes – jump to London, Westminster Abbey, 25th December 1066. Witness the coronation of King William I. Ascertain the cause of the disturbance that interrupted the ceremony and discover the extent of the subsequent fire and riots. I'm almost certain I impressed upon you the importance of our client and the need for a successful conclusion.'

'Yes, sir. You were very clear.'

'I also know that while brevity is admirable, I do require something a little more detailed than just "It was very cold".'

He shut down the data stack and regarded me again. 'You don't see the need to perhaps – flesh things out a little?'

I racked my brains for something that wouldn't make things worse.

'It was snowing, sir.'

The silence in the room grew very loud.

'So, to recap. I despatch my two most senior historians – you, Dr Maxwell and Dr Peterson. I assign the head of security, Major Guthrie, to support you, together with – and the reason for this escapes me now – Mr Markham. And your combined talents and expertise can produce nothing more remarkable than "It was very cold".'

'And snowing,' he added, seeing me open my mouth.

I shut it again.

'Where is the rest of your team, Dr Maxwell?'

'In their quarters, sir.'

'They did not feel the need to join us this morning?'

Of course they bloody didn't. They were in the bloody bar. We'd drawn lots. I'd lost.

He pointed.

'Sit down.'

Half of me was glad to sit down. The other half was clamouring to join the others in the bar.

He settled back in his chair.

'Report.'

I opened my mouth.

'In full, this time.'

I discarded what I had been going to say and gave him the truth.

We work for St Mary's Institute of Historical Research. We investigate major historical events in contemporary time. We do not call it time travel. The Boss, Dr Bairstow, gets very annoyed about it. Actually, many things annoy him. Currently top of the list – me.

Using our pods, we jump back to whichever time period we've been allocated and observe. Just that. We do not interfere. It's supposed to be our prime directive.

That doesn't always turn out so well.

Peterson bumped the pod on landing. I don't know how he manages it.

When we got ourselves sorted out, we realised we were in the wrong place. Instead of being tucked away in a neat little alleyway only a stone's throw from Westminster Abbey, we were actually several miles away in a snowy wood on a hillside, looking down at smoky London town below us.

'I can't understand it,' said Peterson, defensively, his breath clouding in the cold frosty air. 'The coordinates are spot on. Maybe IT made a mistake.'

It was more likely the coordinates were right and we were wrong. It does happen occasionally, and at least we weren't perched precariously on the lip of an active volcano or at the bottom of the sea. It just meant we had a two-mile walk downhill through a Christmas card landscape to get to our destination. It could have been worse. You can't outrun a pyroclastic flow.

We sent Markham on ahead as a kind of human snowplough and trudged along behind in single file. It wasn't unpleasant. Although the day was bitterly cold, the sun shone, the exercise kept us warm, and we had one of England's more exciting coronations to look forward to.

Just two months after his victory at Hastings, William the Conqueror, anxious to consolidate his hold on a sullen and resentful Saxon England, had ordered his coronation at Westminster Abbey. Peterson and I were keen to see the Abbey since we'd jumped there once before to watch its early construction. We hadn't seen a lot on that occasion because a huge block of stone had fallen out of the sky nearby and Peterson had peed on me.

Contemporary records say that at the part of the ceremony where William was crowned, the cries of acknowledgement were so enthusiastic that the soldiers stationed outside panicked and set fire to part of the building, thereby unleashing riots and generally disruptive behaviour.

'Typical military,' said Peterson, wading through a snowdrift.

'Yes,' said Major Guthrie sarcastically. 'Because the history

department's never set fire to anything in its entire life, has it?'

How this little discussion would have ended was anyone's guess, because at that moment, Markham halted, bent forward and said quietly, 'Blood.'

'Stay here,' said Guthrie, as he pushed past us on the narrow path and went to look. We ignored him and crowded round. Blood – a lot of blood – spotted the glistening snow. Indistinct scuffed tracks looked as if something had been dragged.

'He went this way,' said Markham, pointing down the path.

'What did?' I said, peering between the trees.

'Not an animal,' said Guthrie. 'We need to go this way anyway, so everyone stick together and stay alert. For the benefit of all historians present, that means *do not wander off alone.*'

We followed the bloody tracks around the next bend. Guthrie was right. It was a man and he was badly hurt. He lay across the path, right in front of us. He wore thick coarse trousers and a long tunic. His head and shoulders were covered with some kind of hood which was pushed back to show tangled, fair hair. His boots were sturdy, but he wore no gloves. A blood-stained axe lay nearby.

'He's a woodcutter,' said Guthrie. 'Had a bit of an accident by the looks of things.'

He paused. 'Max?'

I sighed. I was mission controller. That meant they all did exactly as they pleased until an unpleasant decision needed to be made and then, suddenly, it was all down to me. I looked at the man, blue with cold, barely conscious and his left leg wet with bright, red blood.

We should leave him. If you want to put it in the harshest terms possible, we should step over him and continue on our way. Peterson and I had nearly been wiped out once when I just *thought* about intervening in a robbery. History really doesn't like us doing that sort of thing.

On the other hand, I'd saved lives when a wartime hospital blew up. And survived that. And I'd killed Jack the Ripper. And survived that. I'd even meddled with Mary Stuart. And survived that as well. This was just an ordinary woodcutter. In the scheme of things how important could he be? As I looked down at him, his eyelids fluttered.

Above us, a dark cloud passed across the sun. A few snowflakes drifted down.

I sold it to myself on the grounds that he was probably dying anyway. Even just moving him might be enough to kill him. We were just taking him somewhere to die in peace. And it was Christmas Day. Goodwill to all men ...

They were all looking at me. I nodded and Peterson and Markham heaved him up. He never made a sound.

Guthrie picked up the axe and examined it.

‘Was he attacked? Did he defend himself?’

‘No. This is a workplace-related accident, I think. Swung at the tree and the axe rebounded. Hit his own leg. It happens.’

‘Will he die?’

‘Probably.’

Ahead of us, Markham halted again. ‘I smell wood smoke.’

We inched our way forward to see. Ahead of us, in a small, snowy clearing stood a typical Saxon hut with several inches of snow on its sloping, straw-thatched roof. A tiny plume of smoke rose straight up in the still air. A lean-to literally leaned against the walls and several pens and enclosures were dotted around. Somewhere, a hungry sheep baa’d plaintively and others took up the bleat.

Hanging between Peterson and Farrell, the woodcutter made a small noise,

‘Wait here,’ said Guthrie. They lowered him to the ground and Guthrie and Markham crept forward. Peterson watched the clearing and I watched the path. The times were dangerous. All across the country, Norman overlords were taking ruthless possession. Saxon culture was being dismantled and destroyed. Desperate, landless Saxons roamed everywhere. Rebellions were bloodily obliterated before they even got going. William, aware of his still precarious hold on this country, was not messing around.

I shivered. With the sun gone, the temperature was plummeting.

There were no other footprints in the snow, but we were cautious all the same. Guthrie thumped on the wooden door and after a few seconds, carefully pushed it open. He disappeared inside. Markham remained on the threshold, covering him.

Guthrie reappeared suddenly. ‘Max! Quick!’

Responding to something in his voice, I was across the clearing and stepping down through the door almost without thinking.

The floor was further down than I thought and I stumbled slightly. Coming in from the blinding whiteness outside, I couldn’t see a thing. The smells hit me immediately, however. Wood smoke, earth, old cooking, animals. And fear.

I stood still, waiting for my eyes to adjust themselves to the semi-darkness. When I could see properly again, I could make out a surprisingly spacious interior. The roof sloped down to become the walls. Thatch on the outside, planks with pitch on the inside. Two wide shelves held bowls and cooking utensils. Two small wooden stools sat by the fire and a high bench, which perhaps doubled as a table, was pushed against one wall. A few clothes hung from pegs around the walls. The beaten earth floor was swept clean. Everything looked to be in perfect order. Apart from the occupant.

A central fire, now burning very low, gave just enough light to see the woman on the hard earth floor, curled in rough blankets, her face twisted in pain. She brandished a broom handle threateningly, but even as I looked, her whole body convulsed and she let out a cry between clenched teeth.

I'd once done a stint as a nurse in an army A & E hospital and I knew that cry. I didn't need Guthrie to tell me what was happening here.

'Warm water,' I said sharply. 'Now.'

Warm water was about the best I could hope for. Hot water was out of the question.

The dying fire gave off little light and even less heat, but I could see she was almost certainly younger than she appeared at that moment, with her pale face and shadowed eyes. She had light, flaxen hair, darkened by sweat. I found a cloth and wiped her face. She jerked away, eyes wide and fearful. We were well dressed. We spoke strangely. She had us pegged as Normans.

I have a few words of Old English. I did my best. I don't think she understood much of it, but she seemed reassured. I caught the word 'hus' and 'dohtor'. When she said, 'Aelfric', the penny dropped.

'Bring him in,' I called. 'She's his wife.'

Of course she was – who else would live in the woodcutter's house but the woodcutter's wife?

They lugged him in and lowered him gently to the ground on the other side of the fire. She cried out and tried to sit up but was gripped by another contraction. I gently pushed her back down again.

Peterson appeared at my side. I asked him if he knew what to do.

'A bit,' he said tersely, 'but this world is not yet ready for male midwives. I'll stay over the other side of the hut and shout advice and encouragement.'

'I can't find the well under all this snow,' said Markham, appearing at the door.

'Use the snow,' said Guthrie. 'Just pack some in that bowl and set it by the fire.'

'Not the yellow stuff,' instructed Peterson.

Markham grinned and disappeared.

'How's Aelfric?' I asked, rolling up her coarse, woollen dress to reveal her linen underdress.

'Is that his name? I'm cleaning the wound now while he's still unconscious. It's a bit gruesome and I don't have anything to sew it together with, but we can think about that later. How are things over there?'

'Oh, just peachy. Anyone know Old English for – "Put down the broom handle"?''

Sadly, no one did.

‘I need a knife.’

Guthrie pulled out something with which I could have skinned an elephant.

‘Serious overcompensation there, Ian,’ said Peterson, sterilising it in the fire.

The next ten minutes were quite busy for all of us.

She was still fearful, so I touched my chest and said, ‘Max.’ She blinked a little at the unfamiliar sound, but said nothing. I tried again. ‘Max.’ I pointed to her husband and said, ‘Aelfric,’ and then pointed at her. At first, she stared at me and just as I was going to give it up, she said, ‘Alice.’ I persuaded her to relinquish her weapon and after that, she was as good as gold.

Peterson took her hand and then tried not to be girly about having his fingers mangled.

Guthrie worked away on the woodcutter’s leg.

‘I can’t believe he’s still alive,’ he said on several occasions, ‘but he is.’

I tried to tell myself this was good news but we were racking up demerits right, left, and centre. Without us – without me – he would probably already be dead. Without him to provide for her, and all alone out here in this biting cold weather, his wife might well have died too. And her baby with her.

It got worse. She kept pointing and saying ‘dohter’. Peterson, who could see what I could not, looked thoughtfully over my shoulder and got to his feet.

An old blanket lay in the corner, apparently just carelessly dropped, which was suspicious enough in this immaculate interior, and when he carefully pulled it aside, a tiny face peered up at him. She must have scurried under there when she heard us coming.

‘Hello there,’ he said gently, and squatted beside her. ‘My name’s Tim. I’m very pleased to meet you.’

If you ever want to charm a woman, Peterson’s your man. From nine to ninety, they just drop out of the trees whenever he walks by. And if you want to reassure a terrified tiny tot then you couldn’t do better.

She reached out to him. He sat with her on his lap, carefully shielding her from what was happening to her parents and I could hear him singing snatches of nursery rhymes and childhood songs.

So, on the debit side – one woodcutter, one woodcutter’s wife, one woodcutter’s unborn child, and now, one woodcutter’s daughter as well.

Markham appeared and dumped a final bowl of snow.

‘I’m off to check on the livestock. Probably no one’s fed them

today.'

Add one woodcutter's livestock to the charge list as well. We were more than doomed.

'Listen,' I said. 'All this is down to me. I'm responsible for all this. Seriously, if History turns up in any shape or form, you need to make it absolutely clear that this is all my fault.'

'Don't worry,' said Peterson, cheerfully. 'If History turns up, you're completely on your own.'

That was all right, then.

And so we worked away. St Mary's competently and efficiently patching wounds, delivering babies, playing with the kid, feeding the sheep, and bugging up History like nobody's business.

Eventually, Guthrie stood up.

'I've done what I can for the time being. I'm going back to the pod for the first aid kit and some bits and pieces.'

'Me too,' said Peterson, with relief.

'And me,' said Markham from the door.

They marched out and the hide curtain fell across the door, which banged behind them.

Cowards!

But I could see their point. Neither the woodcutter nor the woodcutter's wife was likely to take kindly to a couple of men fumbling around her lady parts, however well intentioned.

'Now then,' I said, to Alice, whose breathing was quickening alarmingly as she gathered herself for the final effort. 'Push. Push. Push hard.'

She got the message. She'd done this before.

It all happened far too quickly.

I saw the head appear and I wasn't ready. Wait, wait ...

She gave the most enormous gut-wrenching cry, dropped her chin on her chest, and gave it everything she had.

I barely had time to collect myself before the baby was ejected with some force, and more by good luck than good judgement, I managed to field him before he bounced off the opposite wall.

I think both of us were speechless for a moment.

Sadly, so was the baby.

I should have let things be. How many more signs did I need today? But Alice was struggling to sit up and making distressed noises. I couldn't look at her. I stared at the tiny unmoving thing in my hands.

Oh, what the hell.

I gently worked my finger around his mouth to remove any yucky stuff and I know it's not the correct procedure, but I couldn't think of anything else, so I hung the poor little scrap upside down and

smacked his bottom.

Nothing happened. Nothing bloody happened. So I did it again.

And then suddenly, gloriously, he waved his tiny arms and sneezed, sneezed again, and cried.

I nearly cried, myself.

I cleaned up the baby, wrapped him in the cloth she had ready, handed him to smiling Alice, and left them together in a world of their own while I tidied up.

The other patient was awake and anxiously following my every move so I gently took the tiny bundle and carried it to where he could see it. He stared, making movements with his hands. Finally, I got the message and twitched aside the scrap of blanket. His face said everything. I'm sure he loved his daughter very much, but now he had a son. And a wife. And two legs.

It was hard to believe this was not a good day's work.

'Harald,' he said, faintly and Alice nodded.

I cleared everything away, throwing what I could on the fire and left the rest discreetly by the door for general disposal.

I built up the fire using the last of the logs. That was why he'd gone out and left them. He'd gone to get wood. Without the fire for warmth, light, and cooking, they would not have lasted long. Winter or summer, the fire must never be allowed to go out.

I sat playing quietly with the little girl, Aline, until Guthrie and the others should return. The woodcutter dozed and the woman suckled her baby. I sang 'Away in a Manger,' and Aline, who was the prettiest little girl I'd ever seen, la-la-la'd along with me. It was all very peaceful. Outside, the day darkened, the wind rose and the snow came down harder.

I was just beginning to worry when they returned, banging in through the door, bringing a flurry of snowflakes with them and some much-needed supplies.

'There's a hell of a lot of shouting down in London,' said Markham, cheerfully, dropping bundles by the fire. 'Fires raging, people screaming and fighting. You can hear it all quite clearly from up here.'

'Any chance of getting down there tonight?' I asked, hopefully.

'Out of the question,' said Guthrie. 'The snow's coming down hard. I won't even let anyone try and find their way back to the pod tonight, so we'll all be sleeping here.'

'Will we all have to snuggle together to keep warm?' enquired Markham, hopefully.

'Only if the sheep will have you,' said Peterson.

I closed my eyes. This was so bad.

I'd never actually failed on a mission before. True, they hadn't

always gone as I planned. Actually, they rarely went as planned, but never this badly. Granted we'd once failed to find The Hanging Gardens of Babylon but that wasn't our fault because actually they were in Nineveh. Even Dr Bairstow hadn't been able to blame us for that one. Although he had tried.

I was pretty sure I knew what Dr Bairstow was going to say about this. In fact, if I listened hard, I could hear him saying it already.

Guthrie was taping Aelfric's leg back together. Peterson waited with the dressing. Markham was emptying a box of compo rations.

'I don't think they're yet ready for beef teriyaki or sticky toffee pudding,' he said, 'but I've brought porridge and some packs of stew – just add water. Here are some high-protein biscuits. You know, the brown ones no one ever eats. There are some glucose sweets and a bar of chocolate as a Christmas treat.'

He bustled about, preparing a meal and I don't know what he did, but it was delicious. We served our hosts and settled down ourselves.

'This is really good,' said Peterson, in surprise. 'What's in it?'

'A little bit of everything. A couple of packets of beef and chicken stew, and some stock made with snow that definitely wasn't yellow, before anyone asks.'

'Good work,' said Guthrie. 'Nice flavour.'

'Oh, that'll be the liver.'

His head snapped up. 'Liver? What liver?'

'I chopped up that nice piece of liver I found by the door. Shame to let it go to waste.'

Spoons paused in mid-air.

'What?'

Peterson was regarding his bowl with dawning horror. I wondered wildly whether this constituted cannibalism. Everyone stared at the suspiciously innocent Mr Markham.

He couldn't keep it up, collapsing in a giggling heap. 'Your faces,' was all he managed to get out before Guthrie smacked him round the side of the head with his spoon.

Our hosts watched these strange Norman goings-on in polite silence.

We slept in the cottage that night and it was surprisingly warm and snug. Mind you, there were eight of us in there. And the fire. And a couple of rush lights. And the sheep on the other side of the wall. So from an olfactory point of view, quite lively.

The next morning, Markham fed the livestock. Guthrie chopped wood. Peterson stacked the logs outside the door. I stood in the clearing and stared down at the capital, as if, somehow, I could miraculously penetrate its smoky haze and observe the events of

yesterday. The drama here might be over, but there would be hell to pay when we got back.

‘Not your fault,’ said Peterson, coming up behind me. ‘Dr Bairstow can assign someone else. For all we know, they’re down there now, doing a cracking job.’

‘Tim ...’

‘Stop that. There are four people alive in there. To say nothing of the sheep. Who but Markham could bond overnight with three sheep and an old hen?’

We left at noon that day. They had everything they needed for another day or two and after that, Alice would be strong enough to fetch help if needed. They were pathetically grateful. We were a little light of kindness in a dark world that for them, was about to change for ever.

I silently wished them luck.

Nobody spoke much on the way back to the pod.

And now, here I was in Dr Bairstow’s office. The May sunshine streamed in through his window. Christmas Day, 1066 seemed a very long time ago. In more ways than one.

He leaned back in his chair. Surprisingly, he seemed amused. Was I missing something?

‘So, to sum up. On Christmas Day, long ago, you deliver a boy child to a woman in a rural establishment. Subsequently, three of you appear bearing strange gifts and a family of sheep apparently adopts Mr Markham. Tell me, Dr Maxwell, does any of this seem familiar to you?’

I shifted uneasily.

‘In what way, sir?’

‘Do these events remind you of anything? Anything at all?’

I shook my head, mystified.

‘Are you sure? Perhaps if you consider carefully, you may find you have acquired a fresh insight into – a certain event?’

Always dispose of your placenta responsibly, was probably not the answer for which he was looking.

I racked my brains.

‘Yes sir,’ I said, glad to be able, finally, to pull something from the wreckage.

‘Ah.’ He leaned forwards. ‘And that would be ...?’

‘Don’t eat yellow snow, sir.’

I thought of the world’s most unlikely Three Wise Men, currently having a quick quaff in the bar, apparently exhausted after having delivered their mystic gifts of casualty kit, kindling, and compo and shook my head, unwilling to be dragged any further into these deep,

theological waters.

He sighed. 'That will be all, Dr Maxwell.'

I could have just put the whole episode down to bad luck. You can't win them all. But for some reason, I just couldn't let it go. The coordinates were correct. So why did we miss one of the most important events of the decade. Why had we landed in the wood?

The answer to that, obviously, was so that we could find the woodcutter. But why? What impact could he possibly have had on History?

None at all, was the answer to that one. Even without his wounded leg, his future was uncertain. The land on which his hut stood might have belonged to him, but not for much longer. A Norman overlord would be installed at William's pleasure, and then their future would be uncertain indeed.

What about the son, Harald? That new-born baby, so limp and silent at his birth. Maybe he grew up – and what? Joined in Hereward's rebellion in the Fens? No. Far too young.

Dr Dowson, our Librarian, and I, searched and searched but there was nothing anywhere. I spent hours tracing family trees, chasing down obscure connections until late one night, alone in the dimly lit library, I let my head fall onto my arms and I must have dropped off because I was woken by Mrs Partridge; another one who rarely slept. She had a load of files under one arm.

I blinked and focused.

'Working late, Dr Maxwell?'

I shook my head. 'Private research.'

'Ah.' She peered at my data stack for a moment. 'Oh, I see.'

She turned away and then turned back again.

'Just a thought, Dr Maxwell, but have you considered *not* thinking like a historian?' and was gone before I could ask her what she meant.

I stared at the swirling stack of data. The woodcutter, Aelfric. The woodcutter's son, Harald. I had tried every combination, every spelling, every date, every event ... Nothing.

I flicked a finger to disperse the data and accidentally brought up the woodcutter's wife and daughter. Alice and Aline. Alice Aline.

Something stirred.

I knew that name.

I rummaged amongst the data.

Alice Aline Fitzroy. Illegitimate daughter of Henry I and an unknown mistress. Alice. Aline.

With trembling fingers, I called up more data.

And there it was, all laid out in front of me. Generation after

generation. Mrs Partridge was right and I'd been wrong. I'd thought it was all about either the woodcutter or his son – and it wasn't. I'd been guilty of thinking like an historian. Something that doesn't happen very often, according to Dr Bairstow.

Because it was *Aline* who was the important one. That big-eyed tot, peeping out from under the blanket. Who would become one of the most important women in English history. Pretty little Aline. Who would grow into a great beauty. So beautiful she would catch the eye of a king, Henry I. Although, admittedly, his eye did seem to have been caught by anything in a dress. Henry fathered a vast number of offspring, most of them illegitimate. But, he acknowledged them all, highborn and low.

The clue was in the name – and I'd nearly missed it because I was guilty of thinking like an historian and adopting the values of the time and disregarding the women.

Because in 1099, the adult Aline and Henry I produced an illegitimate daughter – Alice Aline Fitzroy, and she married Mathieu I de Montmorency and their child was Bouchard IV de Montmorency, (who married the splendidly named Laurentia Henegouwen). And their child was Alice Montmorency who married the Earl of Leicester, and their child was – I could hardly believe it – Simon de Montfort.

The Simon de Montfort. The man himself. Sixth Earl of Leicester. The Father of the English Parliament. His successful rebellion against Henry III would enable him to call two Parliaments. Two of the most famous Parliaments in History. The first would curtail the absolute power of the king. The second would introduce the strange, new concept of selecting representatives from towns and villages. For the people to have their voices heard in Parliament.

Simon de Montfort, directly descended from little Aline, who, without a father to provide for her, would not have survived that bitter winter of 1066.

If we hadn't walked that particular path on that particular day ...

Sometimes, it isn't all about kings or popes or battles or the big events. Sometimes, it's just about the little people.

And that was why the jump had failed. Why we'd landed where we did. Except that it hadn't failed. It had been a huge, an astounding, a dazzling success. Possibly one of the greatest successes St Mary's had ever achieved. Although we hadn't done it all by ourselves. It was History who had sent us to the wrong location. History had known we wouldn't just step over the injured woodcutter and go on our way. As we should have done.

We'd been used before. History had used us to sort out the Mary Stuart muddle in 1567. And now Aline in 1066. Our actions then were part of History now. Bloody hell! This was serious stuff!

And what else was in store for us as History and St Mary's inched their way towards a working relationship?

By making that one decision to save a life, we'd begun a series of events that culminated in the first hesitant steps towards the development of modern Parliament. St Mary's had kick-started the beginnings of parliamentary democracy.

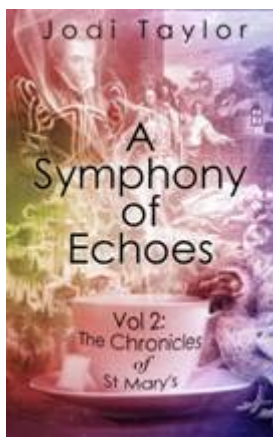
Our Christmas gift to the world.

Sadly, of course, with Parliament comes politicians.

Ah well, you can't win them all ...

From everyone at St Mary's – Glaed Geol and Gesaelig Niw Gear.
Waes Hael!

The Chronicles of St. Mary's Series
by Jodi Taylor



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